

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.

CENTREVILLE OCCUPIED BY THE REBELS.

Their Pickets Within Twelve Miles of Alexandria

BURIAL OF OUR DEAD ON SATURDAY

OUR CAPTURED OFFICERS SENT TO RICHMOND

Additional Details of the Recent Battles.

WASHINGTON, September 7, 1862.

Late trustworthy reports from private sources from Centerville, state that Col. Flenner with a regiment of cavalry is in command of that place, and that their pickets extend to within less than twelve miles of Alexandria.

The 13th Pennsylvania regiment reached the battle-field on Saturday, and by flag of truce, commenced the interment of a number of dead, which have lain undisturbed since the battle excepting by the thieving hands of the Rebels, who searched every pocket, and in many instances stripped the dead of their clothing.

The Union officers taken prisoners in the late battles were detained at Gainesville until Friday last, when they were all conducted to Richmond, with the exception of some of the more severely wounded, who were, by the humanity of Dr. Guild, Medical Director of Gen. Lee, allowed to proceed to Washington in our ambulances under the protection of a flag of truce.

The last of the Centerville wounded have reached this city, accompanied by Drs. Detmold, Page, Clemens, Jenkins, Webster, Byrne, and others of the large staff sent to the relief of our wounded by Surgeon-General Hammond.

A Glimpse Behind the Rebel Lines—The Strength of the Rebel Army Exaggerated—Its True Condition.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5, 1862.

A little driving aside of the curtain which has hidden the battle-fields from our sight has given us a glimpse behind the Rebel lines. Words are dropped, and stories told by our men, who have been released from captivity, and the sad sight of hunger-worn, tired, battle-worn soldiers, and the corroborating admissions of Rebel prisoners, give us a sharper, sadder picture of the Rebel condition than we have been willing to make for ourselves. The panic-stricken wretches, who come first from a battle and last on a march, have been all along spreading stories that our army was fresh when we were weary, well-fed when we were hungry, that he had all talent for victory, all chances for success, and that, from the Rapidan to the banks of the Potomac, he had crushed and overwhelmed us by his fearful supremacy of numbers.

Are miracles performed by God for the benefit of the enemy? Has He placed the springs of eternal youth by their paths, so that they can drink and be new men? Is it given to them and their beasts to live without food or sleep? And if not, why should Northern papers say, and Northern people believe, that Jackson and Lee are heading an army great in numbers as a swarm of locusts, thoroughly supplied with provisions, and better or as well armed as our own? Why? Because the blind guides forbid the papers to tell the truth, and these pretty theories of Rebel superiority have grown like mushrooms, from the heated bed of a smothered public intelligence. The enemy has had no more men, not so much ordnance, nor provisions, nor transportation facilities, nor nearly so much encumbering baggage, but he has outgeneraled us from Shafter Mountain to Edwards's Ferry, and God knows but he will do so hereafter. Make your display of capital headings to your war news, harp upon our driving the enemy a mile this morning, and four rods the day after tomorrow, but take your map and see how that enemy has crowded us miles upon miles, and leagues upon leagues, from Culpepper to the very gates of the Capital, flanking us at will on the right or the left. See how we have gone zig-zag day after day, repelling feints that some of our Generals believed real attacks, sacrificing brave men by hundreds to no purpose, burning stores that should have been saved, losing men that should never have been taken prisoners, abandoning territory that should have been held. See how, pursuing the even course of a fixed and definite purpose, the enemy has baffled our counsels, wrested victory after victory from us, and is now threatening Baltimore or Washington. This is the plain, unvarnished truth; we have been whipped by an inferior force of inferior men, better handled than our own.

A few facts from the personal experience of our officers recently captured and just released on and without parole, show that the condition of the Rebel army is actually not as good as our own. The Rev. Daniel G. Mallory, Chaplain 51st Pa. Vols. (Reno's Division), who was captured on Saturday last and has just reached town, gives me the following particulars:

At the time when the fight was hottest, Mr. Mallory moved off to the left of his regiment to search for the ambulance corps, and strayed away so far that the brigade had moved off before he could rejoin it. Wandering about, he soon fell in with our skirmishers, was arrested by them, and sent toward the rear for identification, but on the way was captured by Rebel skirmishers. That night and the next morning he passed on the battle-field among the heaps of dead and wounded of both parties which lay by hundreds there. With him were some 50 officers and over 1,000 privates, representing 50 regiments—which would seem to indicate plainly enough that they were struggling.

These men had nothing given them to eat until Sunday afternoon, when each had a little bit of meat which might weigh perhaps six ounces, but no crackers or any other kind of food. The Rebel guards fared no better, however, and, indeed, they told Mr. Mallory that sometimes they had gone two and three days together without a bite of food, except such berries or what not as they could find on the line of march. Their pursuit of our columns had been so rapid that they had fairly run away from their supply trains. What they captured from us in their raids to the rear they could not carry away, except what each man could stuff in his haversack, so it had to be burnt. Over and over again the escort of Mr. Mallory's party would beg them not to walk so fast, for they were so weak and weary they could not keep up. This to men who had been retreating ninety miles, with their supply trains far in advance to keep them out of harm's way!

Monday morning our men got another little piece of meat, but no more food that day, none Tuesday, and none Wednesday, until, after their release and long circuitous homeward march, the fainting, famished men came within our lines and were saved from starvation.

At the first place of rendezvous, Mr. Mallory encountered Dr. Calvin Cutler, Reno's Acting Division Surgeon. Although nominally a prisoner, he seemed to have made captive all the Rebel officers and men about him, for with that positive uncompromising

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way of his he was ordering them about in grand style. They gave him all the men he asked for to bring in the wounded, fetch water, hunt after food, blankets, clothing, everything. At Centerville, the second rendezvous, Mr. Mallory saw the Doctor again, and he says that although jaded and nearly starved, and so weak that he could hardly drag one foot after the other, he had to sit down and laugh to see him with his hospital tent pitched alongside the Rebel hospital, carrying everything before him.

When Mr. Mallory was captured he was led into the presence of a general, who treated him with kindness when he knew the nature of his profession, and promised to have him taken care of better than the rest. But his case was overlooked, and the frail little clergyman had to go afoot through mud and mire, sleep without fire or blanket on the ground through the thunder-showers, and take his chances for starvation along with the privates.

The Battle of Saturday—How the Rebels Fought—The Black Flag Raised—The Enemy Badly Cut Up—Narrow Escapes.

From Our Special Correspondent.

ALEXANDRIA, Aug. 5, 1862.

I learn the following interesting particulars of the commencement of the battle of Saturday: About 10 o'clock in the morning fighting commenced on the right, the 10th and 16th N. Y. V. having been ordered about this time to go and occupy a piece of woods on the right. As they filed into the woods the enemy's sharpshooters opened from behind and the tops of trees, and in fact every place that could afford shelter to them, doing considerable execution. Lieut. Kadd, of Company G, was the first man to fall. He was shot through the head and instantly fell and expired. His body has not since been recovered. He was a most estimable young man and officer, was about 30 years of age, and unmarried.

Masked batteries with grape and canister now followed the fire of the sharpshooters, wounding among others Gen. Duryee in the hand. The 10th started for the woods, under the command of Lieut. Col. R. Wells Kenyon, and the 16th, under command of Lieut. Col. Carroll. As soon as the batteries opened Lieut. Col. Kenyon left his regiment in charge of Major Skinner, and left the field in an ambulance for Washington. He had previously been very sick. Both regiments were now ordered to fall back beyond the reach of the batteries, and Maj. Skinner to form his men in line of battle at their new position in a hollow near a belt of wood, the 10th falling back in line of battle to support them. The enemy now filed out of the woods to the number of a thousand or more and opened a galling musketry fire upon our men, killing and wounding large numbers. Major Skinner was at once ordered by Gen. Duryee to charge them, which he did. When within three rods of the enemy, they broke and ran back into the woods. The 10th then fell back to their former position, and the Rebels, finding that they were not to be tempted to follow their retreating men into the woods, sent a whole Brigade of Georgia regiments, headed by a red flag with a white cross and skull and bones in the center. Gen. Duryee now ordered both regiments forward to charge, leading them himself. After they arrived at the brow of the hill on a charge, Gen. Duryee discovered the enemy planting a battery on each flank, right and left, at the edge of the woods, and finding that they were surrounding us on all sides, ordered his men to fall back, which they did in good order, to a piece of woods about four or five hundred yards distant, followed by some six or eight hundred of the enemy's cavalry, who skirted the woods and picked up or killed three or four of our men. When meeting some of our regiments falling back in good order from the field, they retreated hastily in the direction from which they came. A general order was given to retreat before this regiment made its last charge, and the first notice they had of this was when they saw other regiments retreating. The officers of both these regiments behaved admirably in face of overwhelming numbers. The loss in killed and wounded in the 10th alone is estimated by the officers at from one hundred to one hundred and forty, and one, a Captain of the regiment, says that forty of the regiment were killed.

An officer who came into Alexandria last night with prisoners captured three miles beyond Fairfax Court-House says that skirmishing had been going on all day, and that it was currently reported that the enemy had attempted to pass through our lines at Point of Rocks, and were on the way to Harper's Ferry. He further adds that they were intercepted at two different points between the two places, Gen. Wood attacking them with an overpowering force, capturing 700 prisoners, and killing and wounding a large number. One of the 66th Ohio regiment, who has just come in from Centerville, says that the town was destroyed by fire by our forces yesterday, and that his regiment had assisted in destroying the place, setting fire to several buildings.

whether this report is true or not I cannot say, but as I was on the Alexandria boat yesterday afternoon, I saw immense volumes of smoke rising in that direction.

From prisoners captured after the battle of Saturday, it would seem that the enemy were as badly cut up and weakened as ourselves, as at the conclusion of the battle they refused to pursue our retreating army, and even fell back to their former position. The prisoners further say that they had their whole force engaged, while we had only seven or eight divisions in the engagement. All day Sunday, guns were fired in the direction of the enemy, but they refused to reply. Nothing of any importance was done until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when a flag of truce was sent to the enemy for the purpose of making arrangements for interring the dead and caring for the wounded. The enemy complied, when each side sent forces to the field for burying the dead and removing the wounded. Our wounded were all brought to Centerville, and transferred as rapidly as possible to Fairfax and Alexandria.

About five minutes before General Kearney was shot, he was in Captain Randolph's First Rhode Island battery giving directions, when he and General Birney rode off together toward the front. As they were riding along, Gen. Birney advised Gen. Kearney not to go any further in that direction, as it would be unsafe. Gen. Kearney remarked, "Oh, no, I think not," and continued on, leaving Gen. Birney behind, he saying that he would not ride in that direction any longer. A few seconds later and a rifle bullet penetrated the side of Gen. Kearney, killing him almost instantly. The body of the dead General was taken by the enemy, but the following morning Gen. Lee sent it into our lines under a flag of truce.

General Hooker had a very narrow escape at the battle of Bristow Station. A horse was struck by a cannon ball and instantly killed. Gen. Hooker not being more than two yards distant at the time, as

the same battle he was in Captain Randolph's First Rhode Island Battery with the shot and shell flying all around him.

A gentleman named B. C. Armstrong of Burlington, Iowa, connected with the Medical Department had a very narrow escape on Tuesday, from being taken prisoner. He attempted to enter the enemy's lines and recover an ambulance which had by mistake been driven over our pickets between Fairfax and Centerville. He inquired of one of our outer pickets if the Union pickets extended beyond, and was told that they did not, but that our cavalry were all around yet in considerable numbers. Proceeding on he saw a short distance before him a cavalry man whom he took of course as one of our own, he having the uniform of the Union Army on; but when within ten feet of him, and just as he commanded him to "halt," Mr. Armstrong saw the brass plate of his belt, with the letters C. S. A. upon it. "You are my prisoner," said the Confederate, presenting a pistol. "Not till you take me," responded Mr. Armstrong, at the same time attempting to draw his revolver. At that instant the Rebel fired, the ball taking effect in the right arm of Mr. Armstrong, below the elbow. The latter at once returned the fire, the ball entering the breast of the Rebel, who reeled in his saddle; another shot was fired, which entered his side, and as he fell from his horse, still another shot was fired, which my informant says probably took effect, but a number of the enemy's cavalry attracted by the shots, were making their way toward him, and turning his horse in the direction of our lines rode off at a rapid rate, arriving safe within our pickets. The ambulance in the mean time had returned, the driver having met some of our cavalry who escorted it safely in our lines.

Affairs at Alexandria—Officer Loafers—Neglectful Surgeons—Successionists Jubilant.

From Our Special Correspondent.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., Sept. 5, 1862.

Alexandria is becoming cool. The excitement occasioned by the late battles in her vicinity is passing away. The wounded have nearly all been brought in. More than eight thousand sick and wounded have been sent to Washington and the North by steamboat alone, while nearly as many have been sent by railroad. Among the sick there are a great many loafers and cowards, men that are not more sick to-day than when they enlisted. It is disgusting to see those men mix themselves up with our brave poor fellows, who have really stood up and faced the enemy of their country in battle. If you were to see the huge quantities of ham, cheese, pies, and watermelons these would-be sick men consume you would be astonished. It is surprising that those fellows who want to run away are allowed to do so. The sentries on the wharf from where the sick and wounded are shipped inform me that no passes are required, as a man has only to walk on board, say he is sick, and his regiment loses him for an indefinite period. The Provost Guard have been busy of late picking up hundreds of stragglers, but many of them evade the guard by concealing themselves in the suburbs, and as a last resort the men, in order to get away, report themselves sick. Why don't the Provost Guard take up the straggling officers. There is nearly a brigade of officer loafers in town. The general excuse with them is that they cannot find their regiments.

The same crowds of them are to be seen every day smoking cigars and loafing around the City Hotel, Marshall House, and every other hotel in town—every boarding-house is full of them. Some, to be sure, are here on legitimate business, but the vast majority are loafers. Their number since the fighting has been discontinued has diminished exceedingly. The hotel registers will bear evidence against the immense army of them that had business in this town last Friday and Saturday night. The hotels were so crammed that beds on the floor were worth one dollar each. It would be well to publish a list of them from the hotel registers, and see how many of them could give a proper account of themselves.

I noticed during the busiest days of shipping off the wounded any number of surgeons and doctors idle, promenadeing the streets, while some of our wounded actually died on the boats for the want of surgical assistance. To see them as they cried for the doctor would melt a heart of stone. One man had an awful cut in his head, caused by a fragment of shell. It looked like a cavern. I could put in four fingers. As he moved his head the blood rolled over, and sometimes overflowed and streamed down his cheek. He thought I was the doctor when I came to take his name. He said "Will you live, doctor?" "Certainly, my friend," said I, "keep your head steady—don't move it so much." He said, "Ah! I would like to live on account of my family." He had a sweet, manly face. I had seen many hundreds of wounded, but he was the worst that was able to move and talk. From my heart and soul I pitied him and his "family," and I let fall my pencil and went for the doctor, who was fortunately close by.

I am ashamed to write such a crying sin against humanity, but I know it to be too true, and these surgeons were "looking for their regiments," idly loafing round the streets of Alexandria for days, looking for their regiments!

I need hardly tell you that there is a good deal of business now doing in this town; the storekeepers are all very busy, their stores are at all times crowded with teamsters, officers and others, purchasing almost everything offered for sale, and that can be used in camp, but they are not allowed to get new supplies, consequently prices are going up.

The streets are badly cut up from the wheels of the endless trains of wagons and artillery passing to and fro. The road from Alexandria to the Seminary presents the liveliest appearance. Strong guards are posted all along the line to prevent any more stragglers coming to town. Drives of cattle are to be seen by the roadside, waiting the knife of the butcher; hard by several slaughter-houses are established along the line of the road. From the hill near the Seminary, as far away as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen but tents of our whole armies, who are encamped before and behind the line of forts surrounding Alexandria and Washington.

The Secesh of Alexandria are jubilant, and do not conceal their joy at what they call the success of the Confederate arms. The law relating to the sale of ardent spirits is so rigidly enforced here that many go reluctantly with a "dry whistle." I have only seen one man per day drunk, and where I have seen him I have always seen an eager crowd around him, trying to "pump" him as to where he got his liquor. Every boat that arrives from Washington brings a small bevy of "ladies" of a certain class. I am most credibly informed that six or seven officers had a regular "nurs" last evening in a house of ill repute in this town. They drew swords on each other,

and one or more were wounded. There are a specimen of the loafers I write about who infect the town. Correspondents, they say, are excluded from the army lines. The "ladies" I have alluded to I think ought to be excluded and their passes stopped, for I need hardly say they will do more harm than the correspondents.

I send you a list of wounded by telegraph.

D. J. K.

The Battle of Chantilly—Why it was Fought—Incidents of Stevens's Death—His Last Words.

From Our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5, 1862.

The same hour that Gen. Stevens was killed in battle a number of prominent gentlemen filling influential positions were in consultation in this city and in other parts of the country, with a view of having him assigned to the command of the Army of Virginia. Successive manifestations of incapacity during a year of war have caused thinking men to cast about for a leader. These gentlemen had fixed upon Gen. Isaac I. Stevens as the man. His splendid conduct in the battles of Friday and Saturday had just directed attention to him—it was remembered that in pure capacity he had always been first, having taken the honors at West Point with scarcely an effort, and though old political enemies, these men resolved to ask that he be given a leading command—while they were consulting he led on his men and fought.

The importance of the engagement of Monday night which lost to the country Kearney and Stevens has not been generally understood. The truth is, it was not a mere episode made noteworthy by the death of two such leaders, but a crisis where nothing but decision and sacrifice on the part of those leaders availed to prevent disaster.

The army was retreating from Centerville. The battle was fought against a Rebel force that had penetrated five miles nearer Washington than our rear and was moving to strike upon the flank. Gen. Stevens's division, the advance of Reno's corps, was on the left of the road taken by the trains, and intercepted the enemy. He saw that the Rebels must be beaten back at once, or during the night they would stampede the wagons, and probably so disconnect our retreat that the last divisions would fall a prey to their main force. He decided to attack immediately, at the same time sending back for support. Having made his dispositions, he led the attack on foot at the head of the 7th (Highlanders). Soon meeting a withering fire, and the color Sergeant, Sandy Campbell, a grizzled old Scotchman, being wounded, they faltered. One of the color guard took up the flag, when the General snatched it from him. The wounded Highlander at his feet cried, "For God's sake, General, don't you take the colors; they'll shoot you if you do!" The answer was, "Give me the colors! If they don't follow now, they never will," and he sprang forward, crying, "We are all Highlanders; follow! Highlanders! forward my Highlanders!" The Highlanders did follow their Scottish chief, but while sweeping forward a ball struck him on his right temple. He died instantly. An hour afterward, when taken up, his hands were still clenched around the flag-staff.

A moment after seizing the colors, his son, Capt. Hazard Stevens, fell wounded, and cried to his father that he was hurt. With but a glance back, that Roman father said: "I can't attend to you now, Hazard. Corporal Thompson, see to my boy."

The language I have given as Gen. Stevens's was taken down upon the field by a member of his Staff. He had often remarked that if it were his fate to fall in battle, he hoped he should be shot through the temple and die instantly.

C. A. F.

Returns of the Train sent for our Wounded.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6, 1862.

The train of wagons and ambulances sent out on Thursday, by the Government, to the battle-field for the surviving wounded, returned this morning before daybreak. The party was in charge of Surgeon Moore, U. S. A., and other army surgeons. Drs. Detmold and Jas. Anderson, Jr., Krakowicz, Finell, Ball, John W. Green, Dr. Dridon, Bocklen, Othoff of the New-York volunteer corps, with five dressers, and Dr. Agnew of the Sanitary Commission, were also of the party.

The train was escorted by a regiment of cavalry. The Rebel pickets were first encountered at Centerville. The train was allowed to proceed without serious delay, and by 9 o'clock reached Berry's Cross Roads, where a halt was made for several hours. The battle-field was reached at 9 a. m. on Friday, and Dr. Moore at once reported with his party to Surgeon Cuyler at the general field hospital, in the main field on Dargan's farm, for duty. After a consultation with Dr. Cuyler, the different surgeons chose their particular work, and commenced in good earnest.

Dr. Finnell who has kindly furnished the materials for this narrative, preferred to give his attention to dressing wounds, as he could thus relieve many more sufferers in the time at their disposal; some of the other surgeons did likewise, while others performed capital operations. Dr. Finnell's plan was to go from man to man as they lay in rows and attend to each in turn. The seriously wounded were mostly those of the leg and thigh, many of the latter being bad compound fractures. In some cases mortification had set in and the patients were beyond recovery, so that all that could be done for them was to ease their condition temporarily, by giving them water and food and covering when it could be had.

The surgeons captured in the battle told this party that they had passed three entire days without food, and that when Tuesday came without any relief, they thought they must give up and die. When the first train of ambulances got through with food and stores for the surgeons and wounded, a hospital steward and a loaf of bread, and running among the wounded with it held aloft above his head, cried "Food! food!" Taking loaf after loaf, he broke in pieces as he ran, and then each famished soldier got one of the precious morsels.

From a gentleman who has been acting as volunteer nurse for a week past, we learn that the surgeons who have been most conspicuous for their devotion to the wounded are: Dr. Howard, U. S. A.; Drs. Page, Webster and Smith, and Dr. Hinds of a New-York regiment. The train of wagons brought in between 600 and 700 wounded, whose names, as far as we have them, are as follows:

- G. H. Ziegler, 24 Pa.
- John Miller, 51st Pa.
- Adam Galt, 10th N. Y.
- H. Coffin, 2d Wis.
- George W. Sprague, 22d N. Y.
- Wm. Shelley, 10th N. Y.
- J. L. Perce, 13th Pa.
- Deater Warner, 10th Mass.
- Thomas Macomber, 28th Mass.
- D. Shadler, 1st Pa.
- Julius Egan, 1st N. Y.
- W. H. Brown, 7th N. Y.
- G. W. Henson, 12th Pa.
- Murray, 43d Pa.
- Charles Smith, 1st Pa.
- J. E. Hayes, 4th Pa.

G. W. Stead, H. 2d Wis.

C. C. Marsh, F. 13 Ind.

J. G. Wall, H. 2d Wis.

W. H. Randolph, H. 11 Pa.

J. E. Moore, H. 50 N. Y.

A. M. Steele, 7 Wis.

O. Waters, D. 70 N. Y.

E. H. Smithson, D. 14 N. Y.

John Long, B. 5 Va.

- Thos. Cole, E. 34 N. Y.

J. E. Foy, K. 52d N. Y.

A. R. Cook, K. 31 N. Y.

J. A. Brown, H. 34 N. Y.

C. Eng, C. 4th N. Y.

G. C. Hall, D. 36 Pa.

A. Kummer, E. 38 N. Y.

S. R. Mahon, 7 Wis.

Delano Morrey, 32 O.

W. Murray, 19 Ind.

C. D. Gould, 3 Va.

J. D. Croson, 6 Wis.

W. Henson, 7 Wis.

J. D. Fish, 33 Pa.

Geo. John, 9 N. Y.

Brereton, 14 N. Y.

Wm. Stearns, G. 2 Wis.

G. W. Marlett, 72d O.

Webster, H. 43 Pa.

E. P. Potter, A. 13 Pa.

G. W. Marlett, 72d O.

S. Washington, 6 Wis.

J. Mahony, B. 7 Wis.

Wm. Hyatt, H. 7 Wis.

E. R. Lewis, F. 10 Ind.

John Reed, G. 8 O.

John Green, I. 36 N. Y.

John Kelly, E. 67 N. Y.

John Finnen, B. 7 Mass.

H. O. Baker, D. 2 N. Y.

J. Keeler, K. 30 Pa.

Henry C. Flag, G. 7 N. Y.

H. D. Hays, 12th N. Y.

J. H. Crawford, B. 30 N. Y.

J. J. McCormick, A. 13 Mass.

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THE INVASION OF MARYLAND.

WILD AND EXAGGERATED RUMORS.

5,000 REBELS IN FREDERICK.

They Promise Protection to Private Property.

United States Treasury Notes Paid for Cattle and Horses.